Darron the Deathknight and the Desolation Occurrence

by Grat Rosdon

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Chapter 1

One windy night, in a castle made of pure stone, a coffin lies inside the large tower. Inside that coffin, there is a skeleton that looks like the corpse belonged to a knight. The spangenhelm on the skull, the aged kilt wrapped around the pelvis, and metal boots next to the coffin all prove that. Besides the details about the corpse, the most glaring part is the scar on the skull, proving that the corpse is Darron, the Deathknight. Ten minutes passed by since the skeleton lay still. Suddenly, there are two glowing dots in the skull, one is shown on each eyesocket.

"Hmph," Darron grunted as he slowly got up from his coffin. He stared at the window outside, the wind hitting his skull. Darron then gets up and puts his boots on.

Darron starts to walk down to the first floor of his castle to continue painting the frame of himself he started three days ago. As Darron was painting his frame and adding the most details he could carefully and slowly, Darron would accidentally drop his palette on the floor when he heard a knock on the front door. Darron got a bit irritated,

but he managed to control his emotions.

Darron walked to the door and opened it, to see a blue, mouthless cyclops. The cyclops looked like a bandit with those baggy shorts and clawed gloves. He was holding a tray of various potions, maces, swords, bows, and arrows. Darron's skull looked down to check what items he would need. Darron grabbed four energy potions and a large fire potion. Darron would then give the cyclops a few coins from his table, "Your service is appreciated," He said in a softer tone. The cyclops' single eye

looked up, as he looks like he's happy to help, even if he only gets a single coin. The cyclops would wave goodbye as he walked away from Darron's castle.

Darron thought to himself in suspicion, "Today is much quieter than before..." Darron grabs his sword and then heads out of his castle, the wind hitting heavily on his bones. Darron looks at the nearby lake, where there would usually be a few frogs, maybe fish there, but the lake is currently devoid of any. He scratched his skull in pure confusion, "This looks like something I need to investigate." Darron started to

walk, noticing more and more that the woods are emptier than usual. That is until Darron finds a little rabbit.

He stared and observed at the bunny, enjoying the moment silently. That ended shortly when a small black hole opened up. Darron's skull flinched and backed from it, but the bunny wasn't as lucky. The bunny screeched as the black hole forced it inside. Darron tried grabbing the terrified rabbit. Unfortunately, It was too late. The black hole sucked the bunny in faster before Darron could move it away.

It was at this moment he realized something was really wrong. This was being caused likely by a high-powered individual or possibly worse. Darron slowly quickened his pace, trying to find answers on what was happening around him.

After some time, He would be surrounded with his usual enemies, three-eyed demons, with their spears, with blood painted on them. Darron lunges with his sword pointing straight. As soon as the demons started swinging their spears, Darron began dodging. He has been so used to fighting these types

of demons, that the most damage the spears did was a scratch on his skull. Darron eventually spins with his sword, swinging in all directions, limbs and guts fly everywhere he goes. The remnants of the demons were so small, they wouldn't even be recognized as demon remnants easily. The majority of the demons were now just little piles of flesh and blood.

However, The larger demons were at least twice as difficult to dodge due to their spears made of one of the sharpest materials, obsidian. But Darron wasn't even gonna back down,

He lunges even harder this time. The sounds of swords and spears filled the usually silent woods. The larger demons started receiving cuts over their skin due to the pressure of Darron's successful slashes. Some of Darron's bones started to crack, but he wouldn't back down over some small cracks as he's used to them. Once Darron increased his pace at slashing, some large demons gave out. Darron threw five sword projectiles, called "Sword Replicas", at the second-to-last demon, all aiming for the throat.

All of the sword projectiles stab through the demon's throat. The last one

completely beheads it. Darron stands still for a couple of seconds, his bones bumping to each other occasionally. Darron recovered from the fight after several minutes. He mutters as he walked over the last demon's corpse, "Fucking hellspawns..." Darron would finally exit the woods where his castle is at completely, to start finding why everything around him is more silent and empty than ever.

While he was slowly walking away from his place he always calls home, he finds a zombie-like horse chained to a tree. Darron gently walked to the horse and

asked "Well hello there... Do you need help there?" The horse whimpered as it tried to pull the cuffed leg. Darron tries reassuring the horse "I'm gonna get you out in no time, You're okay..." Darron uses a rock to sharpen his sword further. The undead horse tilts its head, observing what the skeletal knight was doing.

Once his sword was sharp enough, he started the process of cutting the chain the horse was stuck on. He tells the horse, still in his gentle tone, "Stay calm for me, alright bud?" The horse made a silent whimper, but it was less scared,

as it realized Darron was helping it be free. He made sure to cut it delicately so he wouldn’t cut the horse by accident. Darron sees the chain about to snap, "Almost there..." After he made the last slice to the restraint, The chain completely broke apart. "Good horse," He complimented the horse, petting its head with his cold, skeletal hand being as gentle as it possibly can be. The horse neighs silently in happiness, not fully trusting Darron, but enough to let him give it gentle pats on the head.

Darron realized that the horse is slightly underweight, "Poor thing..."

Darron immediately wandered around the environment to find some carrots to feed the horse, at least for now. What would feel like an hour passes by. He eventually found a group of fresh carrots from a bush hidden by all the other bushes. He walked back to where the horse is at, and showed the undead horse the carrots he found. "Eat up," He said as he started to feed the horse, despite some of its organs being rotten. Darron straightens his jaw a bit, the closest his skull can make a smile.

Chapter 2

When the horse finished eating all the carrots, it suddenly nuzzled at his skull. Darron makes a light chuckle in his hollow, deep voice, "You know, I might bring you to my castle once we return there..."

Continuing the long way ahead, Darron allowed the horse he adopted to walk with him. His horse now trusts him almost completely, still comes to nuzzle Darron's skull occasionally. Darron saw a shadow appear and then fades away a split second later. His bones rattle

slightly, a bit surprised. His horse didn't know what just happened, his head tilting. Darron turns his skull to the horse. "Everything's fine," he assured. Darron would then open an energy potion he got from the cyclops that was at his castle earlier. Darron bites down the bottle cap to open the potion, and starts to gulp it. After the bottle gets completely empty, Darron's skull gets more serious. He mutters to himself, "Alright... let's go..."

Darron quickens his pace on the path, passing bushes, trees, lakes, and even volcanoes. Later, he started to slow down as he saw a pile of poisonous

mines. Darron tries to see if there can be a short cut so his horse can go through. He found a shortcut, but it looked like if more than one went, the shortcut would completely collapse because of how fragile it is.

Darron sighed in annoyance, but still kept a gentle tone when he's talking to his horse. "Alright bud, you're gonna go there and wait for me, Got it?" His horse nods and does what Darron told him. Darron felt relief as his horse listened to him.

Darron starts carefully walking through the minefield. Darron realized that the floor is a bit slippery, so he made sure to be more aware. He asks himself in pure irritation "Who the fuck makes minefields like this?!" Darron accidentally dropped an energy potion on a mine. The minefield exploded, spreading gas in a quite heavy range. Darron moved away as soon as poison exploded from the triggered mine.

"Good god," he growled in shock and stress, gripping the silt of his sword heavily. Despite being nearly poisoned by the mines, Darron kept going. He

sees his horse, making him know he's almost on the other side. Darron occasionally slipped a little bit, but eventually, after almost losing balance countless times in the mud, he made it through. Darron looked at his horse, assuring him, "I'm ok bud, I've been used to this for a while..." He wipes the mud from his boots with leaves from a nearby plant. Darron tries to check if the horse is stable enough to ride on. He hops off after realizing that his horse was still a bit underweight.

Darron opened and closed his hand a few times at his horse, signaling to

follow him. Darron then walked away from the minefield, his horse following behind him like a lost puppy. To try getting the horse to a healthy weight, Darron would give the horse carrots every now and then. After what felt like a while, he sees an abandoned building. Darron tilted his skull in curiosity.

He walked to the building carefully. He stopped after realizing the door was closed with multiple layers of wood. He grabbed his sword, then began slashing the wood at a steady pace. The wood gives in immediately. He grunts in amusement when he finds out how

weak the wood is, he asks himself, "Why is wood still being used to prevent one from entering...?" It only took a few slashes to break all the wood blocking the entrance. “Fools,” He chuckled, kicking the last piece of wood with little pressure. Darron steps inside the building, his sword near him in case something goes near. It was almost entirely empty, other than broken pieces of stone, wood, and windows. Then, Darron saw something that's unusual, very unusual...

All over the place, there were black puddles on each corner of the place. He

would usually ignore them but they weren't just standing still, they were bubbling like lava and looked like they're about to move. Darron warns the puddles, in case they were sentient, "Come closer and see what happens...!" Darron pointed his sword, his skull getting slightly more serious.

One of the puddles stayed still for a few seconds, before lunging at Darron. Darron backs up and starts standing his guard. He warns, his voice silent and aggressive, "Since you want it so bad..." He starts slashing at the puddles around, starting with the one lunging at

him. His slash at the first puddle was so critical, it went splashing all over the place. Unfortunately, Darron realized the slime got on one of his ribs, He hissed as the drop burned the bone. He grips the affected rib, stumbling a bit.

Darron barely had any time to react until more puddles got to him. He stands up straight and thrusts his sword at a swarm of puddles. This time, he knew he had to dodge. His skeletal structure moved away from the droplets flying. But a large droplet, from the last puddle, dropped on his helmet. Darron hissed loudly in

annoyance, “So many droplets for such a small puddle!” He tried to shake his skull violently to get the large droplet out of his helmet, but it did not give out easily.

Frustrated, Darron starts to look for something to wipe the liquid off his helmet from the treasure chests, under tables, to the bookshelves. That is until, a wet rag was found all the way on top of the shelves. Darron grabbed the rag and began to violently wipe the stain off his helmet because he knew that if left for long enough, the helmet can be dangerous to wear. Darron’s hand

turned from a bluish-while to a burning red.

Darron growled, trying to manage the pain, but he knew he faced way worse. After the harsh wiping on his helmet, the puddle is gone, but it left a permanent stain on his spangehelm. Darron was relieved that the blob on his helmet was gone, but he was still pissed off because of how long it took to clean it. He threw the rag at the corner, and walked to the next flight of stairs.

While he wasn't looking, A black hole silently opened, a shadow would get out of the hole and approach the liquid and pick up the remains of the sentient puddles and pour them inside a container. Darron's skull looked back due to the sound of the footsteps, but it was too late. The figure already ran before he could check. Darron quickly grabbed his sword and rushed to see who went in and out, but the figure was already far away from him. His skull looked down in frustration and gripped the hilt of his sword. "Lucky bastard," Darron mumbled furiously to himself, his jaw shaking super brutally. "Don't think you will be so lucky next time..."

Darron went back inside the building, being even more cautious this time. He realized he was gonna lose it. His hands and jaw slowly stop shaking. After he completely calmed down, Darron climbed the stairs to the second floor and investigated the space very carefully. He then saw a book on the first stair to the third floor.

Curious, he crouches down, grabs the book, and opens it. He starts to deeply inspect the pages and the details to find anything about the black hole from

earlier, or the sentient puddles that just tried attacking him. After inspecting many, many pages, he finds information about a black hole. The book described black holes as one of the most dangerous abilities and compares the chance of resisting one with more than a thousand times more difficult than escaping the last layer of hell itself. The next page described that not even light can get away from a black hole. Darron then flips to the page where it shows the information of sentient puddles and Darron finds out they are a “weapon” to stop undead species like him to fight back against whoever is in control of the black holes.

Darron’s skull darkens in disgust and amusement, “Hmph, So they want to stop me from preventing them?”
“They’ll see…” Darron aggressively closed the book, deciding to keep it.
“I’ll show 'em rough alright,” Darron mumbles to himself, his hands shaking in fury. Darron’s kilt has no pockets, so he would look for something that is a bag or anything similar. Darron finds an old, dirty backpack and shoves the book inside violently. Darron grabs the bag, steals potions that were next to the book, and leaves the premises of the building.

Outside the building, he sees his horse. His anger completely cools off, because he knows that his horse will think he's mad at him. "Hey bud, Sorry I took so long," He apologized. Darron gently pets his horse's back, "You're pretty patient for a horse that didn't trust anyone hours ago." His jaw opened slowly as he gently chuckled. Darron gives him another carrot and walks away from the abandoned building.

As soon as he stepped on the ground, it started to rain. Darron felt waterdrops

drop on his spine. His skull darkens again, but grabs his cape and covers himself and his horse as much as he can. Darron stopped distracting himself from the rain and continued to walk to the main path he started on. The drops kept falling and landing on his helmet, but he was too focused on the path to care. The rain started to floor the fields that were on the lower level than what Darron was on. After a couple of hours the rain stopped, floods slowly evaporating with it. Waterdrops fall down his cape and horse hair covers it almost completely.

Chapter 3

Once the rain stopped, Darron slowly took his cape off, grunting as the horse hair softly scratched his spine. He then throws his cape on his horse to dry him further. Logs started to appear where Darron was going. His skull tilted to the log. But he tries to decide if he should take a break or keep going. Darron stands there for a good two minutes, but then, he caves in. He sits on the log, knowing that if he did not give himself a short rest, he would have burned out sooner.

Darron watched his horse lay down on the grass, immediately falling asleep

right next to the log he's sitting on. As the night fades in and the day goes out, Darron stays on the log until the sky is completely dark.

After dark, he finally made his first move. He grabbed his backpack and dug inside it until he felt an energy potion in his hand. He then pulls the energy potion out, bites the cap, and drinks the potion gently. When Darron finally stood up, he barely noticed that he forgot to give his horse a name. Knowing what to name the horse, he decides to use a leaf and string to make a custom collar. He began to cut the leaf, making text on the leaf saying,

writing the word, “Rono.” on the sensitive material. He stabs a small hole on the leaf and pushes the string inside the punctured hole. He then tied the string to stay in the leaf. Darron skull tilts at Rono, the name he is gonna give to his horse, and pets Rono’s head a few times in an affectionate way to wake him up.

“Morning sunshine,” Darron chuckled, his cold jaw clacking against the teeth under his skull. Rono neighed silently and nuzzled Darron’s skull once more, making him make a cold, rattling chuckle again. “You’re so clingy, you

know…” Darron snatches a carrot from his bag and gives it to Rono. Just like that, Rono started to eat the carrot in a fast manner, making quite a mess in the grass. Darron looked at Rono eating, happy that he was enjoying this moment with him.

Darron took a few steps from the log, until a bullet flew past, barely missing his skull. He turns to the direction the bullet was shot, His tone immediately turns aggressive.
“HEY! IF YOU’RE GONNA FIRE YOUR GUN, HAVE THE DECENCY TO SHOW YOURSELF AT THE VERY LEAST!” Rono flinched at how loud Darron yelled. His

tone is the same but the volume of his voice slightly lowered, “So, you don’t wanna identify yourself, huh?” Darron warns, “Don’t worry, I will identify you myself…”

Darron raises his sword up high in a threatening manner, but then, a pile of fire gets thrown on Darron. He growled loudly in pain and fury, trying to get to fire off. He kept scratching his bones, trying to get the fire off, but it wasn’t working. Darron runs to the nearest lake and jumps inside, not caring if the water is clean or not.

He hears a laugh and sees a glowing pumpkin-headed humanoid in the dark, He sees him slowly walk out of the shadow, reloading his gun menacingly. He wore a plain white buttoned shirt, a brown vest with bullets wrapped around it, dark brown pants with rough material, boots with a cactus icon on each, and a cowboy hat with a pumpkin on it. He looked like he was from a hot, dry deserted environment, unlike Darron's cold, silent one.

The pumpkin humanoid pointed his gun at Darron, then shot twelve more bullets at his skull. Darron deflected two bullets with his sword, then jumped

to dodge more of them. Darron spins around to summon a slashing tornado, and lunges at the pumpkin humanoid. “AGH…!” The jack-o-lantern yelled in pain as the slashes cut deep in his pumpkin head. Darron then repeatedly started to slash all over the Pumpkin cowboy’s body. After slashing around his body,

Darron finally stopped and stared down at the lying pumpkin, “So, You wanna try again? I think it’s better if you don’t, pumpkin…” Darron growled in a deeper tone. The cowboy laughed loudly in response, “That was great, skelly…” “Most people would just scream, run, or

hide when they see me, But you, you have the nonexistent guts to actually try to kill me...!" The pumpkin laughed again. Darron tilted his skull in confusion, "Hmph, So you're not concerned about the fact that I almost ended your life, Huh?" "Also... stop laughing so much, It's annoying..." "Well Sorry Darron, I didn't know I should have stayed silent for your satisfaction," The pumpkin apologized sarcastically. Before he could say something else, Darron pointed his sword at him as a threat. The pumpkin yelled in anger, "Jesus fucking christ, put the sword down for a little bit..." Darron puts down his sword and stares at him with

amusement, doing nothing at all as he did.

After what felt like a minute, The pumpkin stands up and gives energy potions to Darron, “Name’s Gerald and good luck on whatever you were doing…” Darron felt everything in the environment turn white and the black holes opened for a second. It made him flinch for a little bit, but he didn’t express his surprise other than that. He stared at the potions he was given as Gerald walked away with his gun back in his pocket. “Hold on, Come back,” Darron commanded. Gerald sighed, “What now?” Darron asked in a crucial

tone “Do you have anything about the black holes and sentient puddles you know anything about?” “I mean… I have seen those puddles before but I have never seen a black hole in person before,” Gerald answered. He continued, “...But it has never been this empty around here…” “That’s the same thing I’ve thought about,” Darron admits. He then says to Gerald, “Well, when you see a black hole, try to see if there’s someone next to it. If there is, let me know the next time we see each other. Got it?”

“Got it,” Gerald promised. “I’ll see you when I can,” Darron waved his hand as a farewell. He then sees Gerald walk

one last time. He didn't realize Rono was obliviously following Gerald, until it was far too late. He sighed in hopefulness, as if he was still talking to him, "Please, take care of my horse..." He knew Rono would be safe but wanted to be promised anyways.

Chapter 4

Darron barely had any time to stand still, before everything around him turned white, "HUH?!?" He exclaimed.

He starts to see many black holes open up. He begins to dodge them, but they get progressively harder each time he does. Darron yelled at whoever was summoning the holes, “You just couldn’t wait for me, could you?” He sees multiple puddles, way more than he saw in the abandoned building. He spinned into a slashing tornado, cutting through the first wave of sentient puddles. Darron laughed manically, “HAHAHAHAHAHAH! COME ON, GIVE ME SOMETHING HARDER THAN THIS!” Darron threw many “Sword Replica” projectiles at the larger piles of puddles. Drops of the damage puddles dropped on his bones, but he was too focused on

fighting to care. As he was finishing killing the army sentient puddles. Darron sees white demons with sharper spears, even some with shields. Darron then jumps on a tree, spins around the tree until he’s at the top, Then slashes after he jumps off, annihilating a fraction of demons and the remaining puddles, for now.

Unluckily, His skull gets slashed by one of the demon’s spears. Darron growled loudly as his spangenhelm flew off after the damage. He starts to lunge faster and slash harder, but that doesn't mean that he won’t get damaged more. He would slowly start getting weaker as he

gets slashed more and more on his bones.

Darron snarls in stress and amusement, “Foolish hellspawns…” He grabbed his last energy potions, and drank them all up, all the drops of liquid burning in his soul. He then grabbed an ice potion, “Let’s see if you can handle this,” He exclaimed loudly. He then throws the potion right on the middle of the ground where most of the swarm is. Once the demons were frozen, Darron took his sweet, sweet time cutting them in half, beheading them, and stabbing them in their major organs. Demon blood was splattering all over the place

but he didn't take a second to look on the ground.

Darron finally slashed the last demon in the swarm into mini pieces of flesh. He stabbed the already dead demon in the head and throat multiple times to ensure it was dead. Darron yelled loudly, "Alright... You can stop hiding now!" Darron walked across the corpses and remains of demons, puddles, and possibly humans. "Come out wherever you are," He repeated. But then, four huge hands that look poisonous if touched, grab Darron by his limbs by surprise. "HEY!" He screamed, "YOU

BETTER GET THESE OFF ME!" A dark hell-like portal then opened.

A distorted, demonic voice can be heard inside the portal, "Trying to save those who were already killed by my black holes? Oh, what a naive skeleton you are..." A white, malformed, twisted figure with six arms walked out.

It's confirmed that "The Void" is making everything disappear. He's Notorious for almost ending the entire galaxy and universe not one, but sixteen times according to trusted resources. He also tortured ones that try to stop him from

doing so, making their deaths as slow as possible.

“Come on you silly pile of bones, If I never give up on destroying everything, I won’t give up, even right now,” The Void taunted. “You may have killed almost everyone here… but you can’t kill a skeleton,” Darron said confidently, despite being restrained. “Well, I think I have the second best thing to it,” The Void threatened in an amused tone. Suddenly, Darron used a sword replica to cut one hand off. “WHAT THE FUCK?!?” The Void yelled. Darron then cut the remaining hands as they tightened their grips on him. Darron

said in delightfulness, “A couple of hands won’t stop a deathknight…” Darron started to slash with his unrestrained hand. He slashes faster and more effectively as more of his limbs get free. The hands slowly lose their grip on him due to the deep cuts. Darron finally jumped off the platform he was restrained on.

“Get over here and fight,” Darron threatened. The Void lunges at him and throws many, many small beams at him. Most of them made tiny holes in his bones, making him trip. “GAH!” Darron screeched. He slowly stood up and

charged, as much as his skeletal structure lets him. He starts to spin tornados, giving The Void cuts all over his head and chest.

The Void summons two axes and throws both of them at Darron. Darron only has so little time to do something, so he slides under the axes, barely touching his skull. Darron makes an uppercut with his sword, making a deep gash on Void's chest. Black blood started to bleed out of it. The Void started to become furious. He summoned black holes everywhere, surrounding Darron. Darron runs around to dodge it, but falling in one was inevitable at that

point. Darron's spine bent backwards, almost cracking.
Darron was on the verge of screeching in severe pain, but he's not gonna give The Void the satisfaction. He crawled to him in pure rage. The Void taunted, "Here skelly, skelly..."

Darron was close to defeat but before Void could do anything else, Darron saw Rono running to him. "Hey bud, Over here!" Darron shouted. Once Rono was near, Darron hopped onto him. Rono did not give any resistance as he had his true trust. Rono neighed violently at The Void and helped Darron lunge at him.

The Void had too many things happen at once. Darron pierced him in the guts, eviscerating him in a fast motion. “AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHH!” The Void screamed, black guts and blood falling everywhere, He died right after his final scream. Darron looks at the gore of the innocent people coming from the path of the village, possibly due to Void’s black holes. He sighed in complete guilt, knowing it was too late to save everyone. However, He does hope that the individuals who survive heal and live a life they want and deserve.

“You did great today,” Darron complimented Rono, petting his head. Darron jumped off after recovering from the damage from his spine. “Come on now,” Darron said in relief, now planning to go back to his castle.

Epilogue

The night after everything took place, Darron is now in his castle again, but the fact that he was too late to help everyone in time rubbed him the wrong way. He recently made a sanctuary for Rono. He watched Rono play outside from the window. He then tilted his skull at three frames. One was a picture of the German flag, another was an art canvas of him killing demons, as if it's his routine. The last one was a canvas of his piano. It was given to him as a gift by someone who knew he plays the piano in his spare time. Darron found a letter under his front door.

It was a letter from his apparent grandson. He never even knew he had a grandchild at all. The letter cover was

blue and was full of happy face stickers. He started to read the note.

“Dear Grandpa, I just realized that you are a skeleton. I just want you to know that does not scare me at all. My birthday is gonna be in a few days, on April 9th, and I wanna meet you in person, preferably on that day. When we meet each other, maybe we can go fishing, hunting, chess or anything you want. But if you can’t go, that is completely okay! I will always love you, no matter how you look. Thank you for trying your best to keep our planet safe.”
“-Love,
Alendro”

THE END